

## IF MY FRAGMENTED

Search contrives barely  
to cast one thin blade  
of light cutting across  
the raw meat of your groin

Have I despised it ever  
in word or deed? I have  
pushed for a wider compass  
if only arcing the puckered

Nipple of your globed breast  
or a bangle on your convoluted  
ear. Hear me now. I would  
kick the door down. I would

Let all light in, flooding upon  
the great purple pupils of your eyes  
looking, looking into your heart  
what raw meat might I find there?

## EXAMINING

My own cock, pondering the silky  
softness of its warm flesh  
and the astonishing firmness  
beneath that softness  
pondering  
your horror of holding it  
with either your hand or your eye

Is the root of man so time burdened  
and myth branded to inspire such terror  
your error of renunciation but salting  
the wound you carry in your heart  
not in your groin

it is neither the horn  
of the unicorn nor the winged serpent

Its flesh surrenders to your flesh  
as surely as waking  
surrenders again  
to sleep

Though your's is the burden of its rigour